

The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. VI.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, JUNE 21, 1869.

NO. 14.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

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THE PHALANXES.

NO. II.

Home-Talk by the Family, O. C., June 16, 1869.

[Some extracts from the proof-sheets of the article on American Socialisms on another page, were read, which elicited the following conversation.]

T.—I think it a good plan to refresh our minds once in a while with the fact that our motto is "Unanimity," and not the rule of a majority over a dissatisfied minority. Our most successful moves are perfectly unanimous. The Spirit of Truth, if we have it in our hearts, will enable us to be unanimous on every question that arises. A system of government which creates but one party is a new thing in the world. It seems to me that idea might be enlarged upon. We may say it is impossible to form a Community without using our system of criticism; and then, as Mr. H. says in his letter about the Phalanx, the faculty of agreement is the thing most necessary after that, to produce success. But without the religion of Christ, it would be impossible for persons to be unanimous on many subjects; and it is evident that unless the members of a Community could be unanimous, they would split and break up as did those of the North American Phalanx.

K.—It seems to me that this Mr. C. in discarding conversion rejected the very thing that would have made them successful.

T.—If we hold to Mr. C.'s theory, that when a truth is presented only a few minds will accept it, there is no use at all in attempting Communism. The true way to succeed is to get together as a church, and educate the minds and hearts of people, so that when a truth is presented all will accept it heartily at once. If it be the case that when you present a truth very few will accept it, you may as well quit trying to get up a Community, first as last. I believe a Community will pass by all its troubles when it arrives at that point

where there will be no minority in opposition, and no laggards.

S.—I suppose the ground on which Mr. C. made that statement is, that all minds are not capable of comprehending truth.

T.—Well, then he must not try to get up an Association till he gets the hearts of his people educated to comprehend truth. He must start a church first.

S.—There is no need that all should comprehend the particulars of every thing. For instance, I would much rather trust Mr. H. or some one skilled in architecture, about all the details of any building we are to erect, than to have a mind of my own on every point. If that spirit of unorganized individual opinion is to prevail there can be no lasting success.

H.—I think one other thing ought to be said, in addition to the fact that unless a body of persons can have the faculty of agreement a Community cannot be formed; and that is, a Community cannot stand unless it has the power of expulsion. In the Community organization a true center must be found, that has power enough to gather around itself those who will agree, and expel from the surface all discordant elements. This Mr. C. who had so much to say about the failure of the Phalanx, was probably a discordant man; one of the crotchety sort. Now a Community that has such material as that man in it, unless it has the power of expulsion, cannot have any agreement. If two persons can thoroughly agree and form a center, they can gradually make a Community; and that very faculty of agreement will dispel discordant elements. I think that the power the Oneida Community has shown in ridding itself of discordant vicious material, is wonderful. The power of agreement is hell to those who have not the faculty; they cannot stand it. The crotchety and discordant members that we have had from time to time, would have broken up the Community before now, if there had not been a power here strong enough to expel them. A healthy organization of persons, seems to be something like a healthy physical body that has powers of assimilation and expulsion. When the power of expulsion is lost, the body dies or becomes a prey to parasites. It ought not to have broken the back of the Phalanx if thirty *did* leave it; if the rest had only closed up their ranks, being free from the discordant element, they might still have made a success.

C.—The failure of the Wisconsin and North American Phalanxes demonstrates the truth that something besides money is necessary to secure success. Both of these organi-

zations were apparently financially successful, and broke up merely from lack of the faculty of agreement.

T.—You can easily see that if they barely had cohesion enough to go on and do well financially, as long as majorities ruled minorities the Community would be a little hell. They would be all the time in the turmoil of the political world just before an election. There would be no hope of unanimity in such a political arena: all you could do would be to electioneer and remodel parties. I have thought sometimes when I have read about the business meetings of some of these Associations, in which they decided every thing by ballot, that to introduce politics in that way must have destroyed all the sanctity of home.

H.—The main cause of their failure was, that they had not vitality enough to make a real, warm, social home. Many of their views were noble and more or less inspiring, and they could live for a time on the excitement produced by these ideas; but you can see in all these reports, that after they came together they failed to secure a good, social fire-side.

S.—The difference between these Associations and true Communism, it seems to me, is like that between a jungle of hazel bushes and a tree. The hazel bushes crowd one another, and each one tries to secure independently all it can of the sunshine and nurture from the soil. In case of the tree, all nourishment goes to build up one body, which becomes great and strong. The same is true of Communism. All the members work to perfect the general organization, and make a grand, symmetrical thing of it.

N.—We must form an idea of a perfect home, and then criticise and judge all these Socialisms by that standard. For instance, the eating-house system at the North American Phalanx, was a cold chilly thing. The home feeling would die in it.

H.—Mr. C. said they did not succeed because they lacked the necessary numbers; they must take in a whole township. That is the "old hollow tree" that the Fourierites all run into when closely pursued. They think two or three hundred too few, but eighteen hundred would produce a harmonious home. Mr. N. speaking of this the other morning said, "Utica has eight hundred insane patients in its asylum, and if it could get one thousand more it could make perfect harmony, and dispense with all locks and guardians! What a pity, that all the asylums in the State could not consolidate and make a grand Lunatic

Phalanx that would take care of itself by the equilibrium of the passions!"

HINTS FOR THE FARM.

THE present season thus far, is thought to be backward, notwithstanding some crops appear to be as forward as usual at this time of year. Wheat looks well, and grass promises to be at least an average crop, which, now that dairying is rather taking the lead in this section, is a crop of considerable importance to the farmer.

It is conceded by those who have tried the experiment, that early cut hay is worth from one-third to one-half more for the purpose of feeding stock, especially cows in milk, than hay that is allowed to stand and get ripe. In the ripening process, the nutritious juices are absorbed by the seeds, and the stalk is converted into woody fiber, which is comparatively of little value in the way in which it is ordinarily consumed by stock.

Notwithstanding the testimony in favor of early cut hay, we still see from year to year, a large portion of the crop throughout the country standing until far advanced in seeding, and some left so late in the season, that when gathered, its value as food is but little above that of straw. This state of things exists in part, from the want of proper information as to the best time to cut grass, and partly from habit of doing things in the old way. This is one of the instances in which the old prejudice against "book farming" stands in the way of science and the most profitable returns. The best time for cutting grass and all other plants so as to insure the largest amount of nutritious qualities, is a subject that every farmer should study.

In the Agricultural Report of 1867, Horace Piper, of Maine, says: "It is a fact that a plant is in its fullest vigor, and contains the largest amount of nutritious juices which are laid up in store for the growth of the young seed, when the flower is in its greatest perfection, and the pollen is fully matured, and commences its fertilization. This condition may be known by observing in the larger flowers the pollen scattered on the stigmas, and in the smaller ones, as the grasses, by striking the spike or head, when the pollen will appear like yellow dust on the hand. This is the time the plant should be cut and stored away for future use. If delayed beyond this, the nutritious elements are extracted to perfect the seeds, and the plant gradually becomes a withered, dry and tasteless stalk. All the grasses, whether upland or lowland, should be cut at this time, as the increase of the seeds will bear no comparison to the loss of the nutritious properties of the stalk and flower. It seems almost cruel to deprive domestic animals of the sweet and nutritious new-mown hay, by failing to cut it in season."

It is admitted, that it requires longer time, and more labor in curing early cut hay; but the argument against the practice is of little weight, as the value of the hay is enhanced by the early cutting, more than twice the extra expense of curing. The proper curing of hay is of much more importance than some seem disposed to attach to that branch of farming. Hay that is cut at the proper time, may be rendered nearly worthless in curing, or in storing it too green where it is liable to heat, and be-

come musty. As a general thing too little attention is given to cocking hay in the meadow, where it should be allowed to stand and undergo the sweating process before being carted to the barn. Hay thus managed, may be placed in the mow in a greener state and with less danger of heating, than when otherwise taken from the windrow. Hay-caps, were excellent for curing hay but they did not suit the driving hap-hazard farmer, and soon fell into disuse. Those who have continued to use them, have doubtless been amply rewarded. The hay tedder, a machine for facilitating the curing of hay, is a valuable invention, second only in importance to the mower. Many of the machines that have been on trial, although they performed the work very well, proved faulty in construction; but within the last year, great improvements have been made and new inventions have been brought before the public. One, if not two of the different improved machines, will be operated in the Community meadows this season, when farmers in the neighborhood may avail themselves of a good opportunity to estimate the value of their labor-saving qualities.

H. T.

SMITH'S STORY.

XXI.

TO fully understand the change that has been wrought in me through the influences of the school I am now in, it will be necessary to briefly glance from my present standpoint, at the spiritual condition I was in at the time I left Hamilton.

I said in my last chapter, that I left Madison University because I was a *heretic*; but I do not wish to look with too much complacency upon that condition, nor upon a superficial popularity among my companions. In fact, I am now inclined to believe that my heresy contained a large mixture of obstinacy and unwillingness to listen to good advice. I was in a state to *enjoy* opposition and contention; a very different state from the peace and good will which comes in Jesus Christ. This love of contention caused me to drift from one belief to another; and God only knows where I should have landed, had not his providence overruled my wanderings, and brought me to a place where peace and unity are the only inexorable laws; and where I expect to fully learn the lessons of faithfulness and obedience, which I hardly began in my father's house.

Every thing in my history thus far, plainly shows me to be an egotistical and superficial young man; headstrong, and disobedient to my parents. Notwithstanding the numerous advantages thrown around me I had willfully persisted in rejecting them, thinking I was wiser than any body else. When I first left home on my Missouri adventure, I did it in direct opposition to the advice and better judgment of parents and friends. Again, when I started for California I was governed by the same lawless spirit. And lastly, I gave up my educational course, because unwilling to take parental advice. As I look back upon the actions of my early life, I blush with shame; and desire an eternal hatred of, and separation from, the spirit which then controlled me. At Hamilton, the devil really blinded me into thinking that I was being persecuted for righteousness' sake, and that I was forsaking father and mother, brothers and sisters, and houses and lands for Christ's sake. But I was deluded. Undoubtedly I had become intellectually possessed of some truths, not held as such by the churches; but this was more than counterbalanced by the spirit of hardness and insubordination which governed me. I was like a man who went to a new mill for some superior meal; but failing to take the right road, fell into a quagmire, and got so much filth in his bag, that on reaching home with his meal it was so mixed with the dirt of the by-path, that it was less fit for food than the inferior kind. So the advanced truth I then had, was so mixed with error, and especially neutralized by the spirit which in-

fluenced me, that I have since had to throw it all away, and go for it again by a new road.

Disobedience and disrespect to parents, is one of the prominent sins of this land and age. It is common to hear young men speak of their fathers as the "Old man," "Old gentleman," "The boss," "The governor," or some equally disrespectful title; and the result is seen in their actions. The evils of disobedience did not in my case manifest themselves in any of these forms, perhaps, but rather in a more subtle, dangerous way. I was like the young man who came to Christ, saying he had kept all the law from his youth up, and wished to know what was yet lacking in his character. It was shown that he was really farther from Christ, than many who had, to outward appearances, been far greater sinners.

Thus at the inexperienced age of twenty-one, I had cut loose from the ship of church, parental anchorage and friendly pilotage, and was afloat upon unknown seas, in an untried boat. More than all, I did not see the dangers, nor the mutinous character of my undertaking. Many others, first and last, have tried this same experiment, and have been shipwrecked and lost. The gallows, and the infidel ranks, get their victims from persons possessed of the same independent, self-complacent spirit that was upon me.

If the sequel shows that I have changed, I must give credit to no wisdom of my own. My only cause for self-congratulation, is that I have been saved from wreck.

While teaching the Vesper school, the winter previous to going to Madison University, I became much interested in a young woman, aged eighteen, by the name of Frances S. King. Shortly after leaving Hamilton I asked her to become my wife. She consented and we were married at her father's house on the 9th of October, 1860. While preparations were making for this event, I made arrangements, by letter, with my father to work his farm the coming year. So the next morning after our marriage we started for Iowa, where we duly arrived. I immediately hired out to father for the winter, to care for his stock, and draw wood. Mrs. Smith engaged a school near by, and thus we found steady employment through the winter. In the spring we rented the farm for a year, and father's family moved to his city residence. During the winter I had become a Second Adventist of the Geo. Storrs' school. That is, I believed a future personal Second Coming of Christ was near at hand; but had no faith in time-setting.

I was drawn into this delusion in this way. I had learned from the churches to believe that a Second Coming of Christ was to be expected in the future; but that probably thousands of years would intervene before the event; and the ideas of the event itself were very indefinite. It has already been seen that I had accepted the view that the dead were unconscious until the resurrection. This led me to examine the scriptures, to determine when the resurrection was to take place. In the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, I found that Paul said, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Again in 1 Thess. 4: 10, 17, "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Here was a resurrection connected with a coming of Christ, and the sound of a trumpet. In the 24th chapter of Matthew I also found the gathering of the elect, associated with the sounding of a great trumpet and the coming of the Son of man. Other passages were found corroborating this view. I also found such passages as the following: "So that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 1: 7. "Ye turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven." 1 Thess. 1: 10. "But exhorting one another; and so much the more

as ye see the day approaching." Heb. 10: 25. "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Heb. 10: 37. "Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James 5: 8. These, and similar passages, seemed plainly to show that the Primitive Church did not expect the Second Coming of Christ to be far distant. So if it was near then, the generation living 1800 years afterwards might surely expect it at any time. Still I would often wonder how a period of "a little while" could be made to stretch over 1800 years. But as every body, so far as I knew, declared it was not a past event, I was constrained to believe that the words of the apostles must be taken in some figurative sense; perhaps to accord with the passage, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." 2 Peter 3: 8. But I could not bring my mind to consent to put the event still several thousand years in the future, as do the churches. For, believing the dead to be unconscious until the resurrection, I felt that it was high time for some of the dead to be raised. With regard to the prophetic numbers of Daniel, so much relied on by the Millerites, I could get nothing at all satisfactory from them, and never based any argument upon them. I concluded then, 1st, that the Second Coming of Christ, and a resurrection of the dead, were inseparable events, because of the scripture already quoted. 2d, That these events were still future, because the churches said so. 3d, That these events should be expected soon, by the dictates of common sense. Probably my third conclusion would have been true, if the second had been so. And there is the key to the Millerite delusion. They accept man's testimony instead of God's. I have since learned to "let God be true and every man a liar."

My usual method of disposing of Matt. 24: 34 was this: "When you see certain signs among vegetation, you know that summer is nigh; so likewise the people who see these before-mentioned signs, may expect my Second Coming: verily, this generation that sees these signs, shall not pass away till all is fulfilled." But having applied so inconsistent an interpretation, the work of twisting and imagining was but just commenced. For it now became necessary to seek for signs that could be construed to harmonize with the signs Christ had given of his Coming. The favorite signs were drawn from 2 Timothy 3: 1-6, "In the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, &c." While the most difficult sign, and the one that called forth the most numerous, absurd and conflicting ideas, was Paul's words in 2 Thess. 2: 3, "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." This "man of sin," or "antichrist," has caused the Adventists a world of perplexity. And they will never get out of their difficulties till they obtain enough faith to believe that Christ did not speak in enigmas, or allow the Primitive Church to be deceived about so important a matter. Unless Christ spoke in enigmas, the idea contained in his words recorded in the 24th chapter of Matthew is, that his Second Coming might be looked for about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem; and that unless they were very watchful the event would escape their notice, much as the loss of goods by a thief when we are asleep. The disciples came to Christ to show him the buildings of the temple, and he told them that all that mass of masonry was to be demolished, and not one stone to be left upon another. They were astonished, and shortly after came to him as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, and asked him when these things were to be, and also what was to be the sign of his Coming, and of the end of the age. And Christ went on to tell them that the first event would be the sign of the second. The destruction of the temple was to be the sign of his Second Coming. If one was literal the other must be. If one has ever taken place, the other has also. But that there might be no chance of thinking that he was to be understood figuratively, he commenced his answers to their questions by saying, "Take heed

that no man deceive you." He then went on to describe the scenes which we know did actually take place at the destruction of Jerusalem; and then said that *immediately* after, he would come in the clouds of heaven to gather his people, and added, "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Whoever will take the trouble to look out all the passages in the Bible where the phrase "this generation" occurs, will find that the generation living at the time the words were spoken, is always meant. For example, just before his talk with his disciples about his Second Coming. Christ had been in the temple showing the wickedness of the people then living, and warning them of the judgments that were coming upon them, and adds, "All these things shall come upon this generation." No one cavils at the obvious meaning of the words here, and there is no ground for so doing in the next instance. But Christ has left upon record three other sentences, which prove beyond all reasonable doubt that his words were to be understood literally. He said to his disciples, "Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of man be come," Matt. 10: 23. At another time he said, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom," Matt. 16: 28. And to Peter he said, "If I will that he [John] tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Jn. 21: 22. My only method of meeting these unequivocal passages while wandering in the fog of Adventism, was to refer the first two to the transfiguration of Christ on the Mount; and the third I thought must refer to the day of Pentecost. But in these interpretations I departed from my first conclusion, which put the Second Coming and a literal resurrection together. No one claims that a resurrection took place at the transfiguration or the day of Pentecost. We conclude, then, that Christ taught his disciples to expect his Second Coming immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem; before the cities of Israel had all been gone over, while some, and especially John, to whom he was talking, were yet living.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—June 10.—This morning a hoarse scream disturbed the routine of the printing-office, and upon rushing to the windows, we discovered a locomotive emerging from the woods; one of the iron horses of the "Midland" and the first that has visited our domain.

—Many years ago we held a religious meeting on Sunday for the benefit of outsiders, but it didn't amount to much, so we gave it up. We distribute our religious services equally through the week, that is to say, instead of laying in religion enough on Sunday to last for seven days, we prefer to receive our portion fresh every day—hence our evening gatherings from eight to nine in our beautiful hall to wait on the Lord and edify one another. That, however, is no Sunday institution; but simply a daily ordinance, quite as necessary as our daily food.

Now Sunday is a day on which most people, particularly all who go to church, *wash and "dress up,"* put on their Sunday best, so as to make as good a showing of the outer man as they can. Well, we are not going to speculate as to the amount of religion there is in all that. We, too, have a passion for "slicking up" on Sunday, and this is the way we do it. We call a "bee" for "dressing up"—not our persons—but our grounds, door-yards and out-of-the-way places; and during this season, while so much building is going on, we have decided to have one regularly every Sunday morning, for an hour or more. This, then, is one of our Sunday institutions for the summer, and we enjoy it, too, for there is a truth in the saying that "work is worship." Moreover our grounds are our meeting-house; we have consecrated them to the Lord; they are therefore as sacred as any place can be. The beds of flowers, the shrubbery, the groups of evergreens, the forest and fruit-trees, all constitute the upholstery of our spacious sanctuary. No artificial pictures or paintings can com-

pare with them in artistic beauty and grandeur. Seated while I write, amid evergreens and white and red roses, I hear the soft still voice of my Heavenly Father giving his "home-talks" in every leaf, in every flower, in every spear of grass. Truly there are sermons every-where. We dwell, wherever we are, in the boundless sanctuary of our God, but who himself is seen only by the pure in heart. And the pure heart is the gift of God to all who believe in his Son Jesus Christ.

—*Evening. II.*—It has seemed to me that the attitude in which to meet God or live a true life, or have the right state of heart, is summed up in the phrase Paul used: "Repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." In the light in which this subject came to me, I could see that there is no such thing as exercising true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ without first having repentance before God. The spirit of self-justification, or egotism in any form, is just the opposite of true repentance toward God. Self-righteousness is the great obstruction to true repentance. When we are led to look at our past life complacently, and feel that there is something in it worth remembering, we are in just the opposite of the right attitude toward God. That is the way the devil has been at work in all these reforms, such as Woman's Rights, &c. The evil consists in assuming that there is something good outside of Christ's righteousness, and that makes the work of repentance almost impossible. You take a person that has been engaged in these reforms very extensively, and you will find there is a kind of self-righteousness and a spirit of complacency about him, preventing repentance and brokenness of heart. It seems to me that the devil's whole art consists in getting people into a position of self-complacency where they will be pleased with something they have done in their past life. But when we touch God or Christ, we have to come into an attitude of true humility, such as Paul manifested all through his career. It is true that he sometimes boasted of his services and his adherence to the gospel of Christ, and referred to his integrity of life under the law; but there was no glorying in the old life in all that. On the contrary he testified boldly that he hated his old life and counted it all as dung that he might win Christ. He was very careful to keep clear of all tendency to egotism.

—It was thought too far for the children to go to the Willow-Place pond to bathe, so a place has been selected in the creek nearer the house. Mr. Campbell made some steps, and yesterday J. H. N. and G. W. N. went down and picked out all the large stones that might hurt the children's feet. The spot is a nice one; deep enough above for the larger children to learn to swim, and below, so shallow that there is no chance for any of them to drown.

WILLOW-PLACE.

—Those who have worked in the trap-shop will be interested to know that A. L. B. has learned to utilize the large amount of scrap malleable iron which in times past we have thrown away as useless. He finds that he can melt it as easily as other scrap, and that for some purposes it makes better castings.

WALLINGFORD.

—June 14.—223 quarts of strawberries have been picked to-day, and shipped to Boston.

—As I was going across our new strawberry-field recently, I noticed a robin hard at work at something near by. Curious to see what he was after, I approached the spot. The first thing I saw was a strawberry-plant, that had just been destroyed by a grub. A few inches from this, there was a hole two inches deep, just made by the robin. Removing the earth carefully, the grub was found half an inch below. I have long known that the grub was a favorite morsel with the robin; but never knew that his instincts were sharp enough to detect the parasite so far below the surface of the ground.

The grub is the great pest of the strawberry-grower; and I shall be more lenient to "robin red-breast" in the future, for his aid in destroying this enemy. True, he is a glutton in the fruit season, and will do an immense amount of damage in our

raspberry-fields, if allowed to have his own way; but a few well directed shots applied daily, will prove an infallible remedy. No fears need be entertained of starving him, for he has a good appetite. Insects and wild fruits abound, and he has plenty of time to look them up.

B. B.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1869.

AMERICAN SOCIALISMS.

NO. XXXVII.

THE NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.

THE *Harbinger* and Macdonald both fail us in our search for the history of the last days of the North American; and having asked in vain for an authentic account of its failure from one at least of its leaders, we must content ourselves with such scraps of information on this interesting *dénouement*, as we have picked up here and there in various publications. And first we will bring to view one or two facts which preceded the failure, and apparently led to it.

In the spring of 1853—the tenth year of the Phalanx—there was a split and secession, resulting in the formation of another Association called the Raritan Bay Union, at Perth Amboy, N. J. A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who visited this new Union in June 1853, speaks of its founders and foundations as follows:

—The subscriptions already amount to over forty thousand dollars. Amongst the names of the stockholders I notice that of Mrs. Tyndale, formerly an extensive crockery dealer in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who carried on the business in her own name until she accumulated a handsome fortune, and then relinquished it to her son and son-in-law; also Marcus Spring, commission merchant of New York; Rev. William Henry Channing of Rochester, and Clement O. Read late superintendent of the large wash-house in Mott-st., New York.

The President of the corporation, George B. Arnold Esq., was last year President of the North American Phalanx. Many years ago he was a minister at large, in the city of New York; he afterwards removed to Illinois, where he established an extensive nursery, working with his own hands at the business, which he carried on successfully. He is an original thinker, a practical man, of clear strong common sense.

The founders of the Union believe that many branches of business may be carried on most advantageously here, and that the best class of mechanics will soon find their interest and happiness promoted by joining them. Extensive shops will be erected, and either carried on directly by the corporation, or leased, with sufficient steam-power, to companies of its own members. The different kinds of business will be kept separate, and every tub left to stand upon its own bottom. They aim at combination, not confusion. Every man will have pay for what he does, and no man is to be paid for doing nothing. Whether they will drag the drones out, if they find any, and kill them as the bees do in autumn, or whether their ferryman will be directed to take them out in his boat and tip them into the bay, or what will be done with them, I cannot say. But the creed of this new Community seems to be, that "Labor is praise." In religious matters the utmost freedom exists, and every man is left to follow the dictates of his own conscience.

Macdonald briefly mentions this Raritan Bay Association, and characterizes it as "a joint-stock concern, that undertook to hold an intermediate position between the North American and ordinary society"—meaning, we suppose, that it was less communistic than the Phalanx. He furnishes also a copy of its Constitution, the preamble of which declares that its object is to establish "various branches of agriculture and mechanics, whereby industry, education and social life may, in principle and practice, be arranged in conformity to the CHRISTIAN RELIGION, and where all ties, conjugal, parental, filial, fraternal and communal, which are sanctioned by the will of God, the laws of nature, and the highest experience of mankind, may be purified and perfected; and where the advantages of co-operation may be secured, and the evils of competition avoided, by such methods of joint-stock Association as shall commend themselves to enlightened conscience and common sense."

The board of officers whose names are attached to this Constitution were,

Directors—Marcus Spring, Clement O. Read, Geo. B. Arnold, Sarah Tyndale, Joseph L. Pennock.
President—Geo. B. Arnold.
Treasurer—Clement O. Read.
Secretary—Angelina G. Weld.*

It is evident that this offshoot drew away a portion of the members and stockholders of the North American. It amounted to little, as an Association, and disappeared with the rest of its kindred; but its secession certainly weakened the parent Phalanx.

During the summer after this secession, the North American appears to have had an acrimonious controversy about religion with somebody, inside or outside, the nature of which we can only guess from the following mysterious hints in a long article written by Mr. Sears in the fall of 1853, on behalf of the Association, and published in the *New York Tribune*, under the caption, "*Religion in the North American Phalanx.*"

*** I am incited to these remarks by the recent imposition of a missionary effort among us, and by a letter respecting it, indicating the failure of a cherished scheme, in a spirit which shows that the old sanctions only are wanting, to kindle the old fires. And, lest our silence be further misconstrued, and we subjected to further discourtesy, I am induced to say a few words in defense.

*** Neither our quiet nor our good character quite sufficed to protect us from the customary officiousness of busy sectaries, who professed not to understand how a people could associate, how a commonwealth could exist, without adopting some sectarian profession of religious faith, some partisan form of religious observance.

In vain we urged that our institutions were religious; that here, before their eyes, was made real and practical in daily life and established as a real society feature, that fraternity which the Church in every form has held as its ideal; that here the Christian rule of life is made possible in the only way that it can be made possible, namely, through social guarantees which confirm the just claims of every member. In vain we showed that in the matter of private faith we did not propose to interfere, but in this respect held the same relation of a body to its constituent members that the State of New Jersey, or any other commonwealth, does to its citizens; that tolerance was our only proper course, and must continue to be; that the professors of any name could organize a society and have a fellowship of the same religious communion, if they chose; but that our effort was to seek out the divine mathematics of society relations, and to determine a formula that would be of universal application; and that to allow our organization to be taken possession of as an agency for pushing private constructions of doctrine, would be an impossible descent for us; that any who choose could make such profession and have such observances as they liked, and by arrangement have equal use of our public rooms. Still, from time to time, various parties have urged their private views upon us, and whenever they wished, have had, by arrangement, the use of room and such audience as they could attract. But never until the past summer has there been such a persistent effort to press upon us private observance as to excite much attention; and for the first time in our history, there arose, through a reprehensible effort, a public discussion of religious dogmas, and, to our regret and annoyance, the usual sectarian uncharitableness was exhibited and has since been expressed to us.

[Extract from a letter of Eleazer Parmlee.]

"I received the inclosed letter from Marcus Spring, who requested me to co-operate with himself and others (at the two Phalanxes) in sustaining a preacher, as he insists 'that the religious and moral elements in man should be cultivated for the true success of Association.' *** I shall write to Mr. Spring that it is not my opinion that religious cultivation or teaching will be allowed, certainly at one of the Associations; and I would advise all persons who have any respect or regard for the religion of the Bible, and who do not wish to have their feelings outraged by a total want of common courtesy, to keep entirely away, at least from the North American."

It seems probable that this controversy, whatever it may have been, was complicated with the secession movement in the spring before. We notice that Marcus Spring, who was originally a prominent stockholder in the North American, and who went over, as we have seen, to the rival Phalanx at Perth Amboy, was mixed up with this controversy, and apparently instigated the "missionary imposition" of which Mr. Sears complains. It may be reason-

* Wife of Theodore D. Weld, who established a school in connection with the Raritan Bay Union.

ably conjectured that this theological quarrel led to the ultimate withdrawal of stock which brought the Association to its end.

In September 1853, after the secession, and after the quarrel about religion, the following gloomy picture of the Phalanx was sent abroad in the columns of the *New York Tribune*, the old champion of Socialism in general and of the North American in particular. Whether its representations were true or not, it must have had a very depressing effect on the Association, and doubtless helped to realize its own forebodings:

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.]

*** I remained nine days at the North American Phalanx. They appear to be on a safe material basis. Good wages are paid the laborers, and both sexes are on an equality in every respect; the younger females wear bloomers, are beautiful and apparently refined; but both sexes grow up in ignorance, and seem to have but little desire for mental progression. Their mode of life, however, is a decided improvement on the old one: the land appears to be well cultivated and very productive; the majority of the men, and some of the women, are hard workers; the wages of labor and profits on capital are constantly increasing and likely to increase; probably in a few years more the stock will be as good an investment as any other stock, and the wages of labor much better than elsewhere. The standard of agricultural and mechanical labor is now nine cents per hour; kitchen-work, waiting, &c., about the same. Their arrangements for economizing domestic labor seem very efficient, but they have no sewing-machine, and no store that amounts to any thing. If a hat of any kind is wanted, it appears they have to go to Red Bank for it. They appear to make no efforts to redeem their stock, which is now mostly in the hands of non-residents. The few who do save any thing, I understand, usually prefer something that 'pays' better. Most of them are decent sort of people, have few bad qualities and not many good ones, but they are evidently not working for an idea. They make no effort to extend their principles, and do not build, as a general thing, unless a person wanting to join builds for himself. Under such circumstances the progress of the movement must be necessarily slow, if even it progress at all. Latterly the number of members and probationers has decreased; they find it necessary to employ hired laborers to develop the resources of the land.

So far as regards the material aspect, however, they get along tolerably well, but I regard the mechanism merely as a means for general progress—a basis for a superstructure of unlimited mental and spiritual development. They seem to regard it as the end. This absence of facilities for education and mental improvement is astonishing, in a Community enjoying so many of the advantages of co-operation. Those engaged in nurseries should have some acquaintance with physiology and hygiene; but such things are scarcely dreamed of as yet among any of the members, except two or three; if so, they keep very quiet about it. A considerable portion of their hard earnings ends in smoke and spittoons, or some other form of mere animal gratification, to which they are in a measure compelled to resort, in the absence of any rational mode of applying their small amount of leisure. Their reading-room is supplied by two *New York Tribunes*, a *Nauvoo Tribune*, and two or three worthless local papers. The library consists of between three and four hundred volumes, not many of them progressive or the reverse. I believe there is a sort of a school, but should think they don't teach much there worth knowing, if results are to be the criterion. Clear smoking is bad enough in men, but particularly objectionable in twelve-year olds. A number of papers are taken by individuals, but those that most need them don't have much chance at them; besides, it is the end of associate life to economize by co-operation in this as in other matters. Some of them make miserable apologies for neglect of these matters, on the score of want of leisure, means, &c., but all amounts to nothing.

*** The Phalanx people, having deferred improving the higher faculties of themselves and children until their lower wants are supplied, which can never be, are heavily in debt, and so far as any effect on the outer world is concerned, the North American Phalanx is a total failure. No movement based on a mere gratification of the animal appetites can succeed in extending itself. There must be intellectual and spiritual life and progress: matter cannot move itself.

A year later the Phalanx suffered a heavy loss by fire, which was reported in the *Tribune*, Sept. 13, 1854, as follows:

Destruction of the Mills of the North American Phalanx.

About six and a half o'clock Sunday morning, a fire broke out in the extensive mills of the North American Phalanx, located in Monmouth Co., N. J. The fire was first discovered near the center of the

main edifice, and had at that time gained great headway. It is supposed to have originated in the eastern portion of the building, and a strong easterly wind prevailing at the time, the flames were carried toward the center and western part of the edifice. This was a wooden building about one hundred feet square, three stories high, with a thirty horse-power steam-engine in the basement, and two run of burr-stones and superior machinery for the manufacture of flour, meal, hominy and samp, on the floors above. Adjoining the mill on the north was the general business office, containing the account books of the Association, the most valuable of which were saved by Mr. Sears, at the risk of his life. Adjoining the office was the saw-mill, blacksmith-shop, tin-shop, &c., with valuable machinery, driven by the engine, all of which was destroyed. About two thousand bushels of wheat and corn were stowed in the mill directly over the engine, which, in falling, covered it so as to preserve the machinery from the fire. There was a large quantity of hominy and flour and feed destroyed with the mill. The carpenters' shop, a little south of the grain mill, was saved by great exertion of all the members, men and women. All else in that vicinity is a smouldering mass. Nothing was insured but the stock, valued at \$3,000, for two-thirds that amount. The loss is from \$7,000 to \$10,000.*

Alexander Longley, at present the editor of a Communist paper, was a member of the North American, and should be good authority on its history. He connects this fire very closely with the breaking up of the Phalanx. In his criticism of Brisbane's Kansas scheme, which we published some months ago, he says:

"* * * 'A little reminiscence just here. We were a member of the North American Phalanx, N. J. A fire burnt our mills and shops one unlucky night. We had plenty of land left and plenty else to do. But we called the 'money bags' [stockholders] together for more stock to rebuild with. Instead of subscribing more, they dissolved the concern, because it did not pay enough dividend! And the honest resident working members were scattered and driven from the home they had labored so hard and long for years to make. Would Mr. Brisbane repeat such a farce?'"

Yet it appears that the crippled Phalanx lingered another year; for we find the following in the editorial correspondence of *Life Illustrated* for Aug. 1855:

Last picture of the North American.

"* * * After supper (the hour set apart for which is from five to six o'clock) the lawn, gravel walks, and little lake in front of the Phalanstery, present an animated and charming scene. We look out upon it from our window. Nearly the whole population of the place is out of doors. Happy papas and mammas draw their baby-wagons, with their precious freight of smiling innocence, along the wide walks; groups of little girls and boys frolic in the clover under the big walnut-trees by the side of the pond; some older children and young ladies are out on the water in their light canoes, which they row with the dexterity of sailors; men and women are standing here and there in groups engaged in conversation, while others are reclining on the soft grass; and several young ladies in their picturesque working and walking costume—a short dress or tunic coming to the knees, and loose pantaloons—are strolling down the road toward the shaded avenue which leads to the highway.

There seems to be a large measure of quiet happiness here, but the place is now by no means a gay one. If we observe closely we see a shadow of anxiety on most countenances. The future is no longer assured. Henceforth it must be "each for himself" in isolation and antagonism. Some of these people have been clamorous for a dissolution of the Association, which they assert has, as far as they are concerned at least, proved a failure; but some of them, we have fancied, now look forward with more fear than hope to the day which shall sunder the last material ties which bind them to their associates in this movement.

The following from the *Social Revolutionist*, Jan. 1856, was written apparently in the last moments of the Phalanx.

Alfred Cridge's Diagnosis in articulo mortis.

"* * * The North American Phalanx has decided to dissolve. When I visited it two years since it seemed to be managed by practical men, and was, in many respects, thriving, the domain well cultivated, labor well paid, and the domestic department well organized. With the exception of the single men's apartments being overcrowded, comfort reigned supreme. The following were some of the defects:—

1. The capital was nearly all owned by non-residents, who invested it, however, without expectation of profit, as the stock was always below par, yielding at that time but 4½ per cent of interest, which

was a higher rate than that formerly allowed. Probably the majority of the Community were hard workers, many of them to the extent of neglecting mental culture. I was informed that they generally lived from hand to mouth, saving nothing, though living was cheap, rent not high, and the par rate of wages, 90 cents for ten hours, varying from 60 cents to \$1.20, according to skill, efficiency, unpleasantness, etc. Nearly all those who did save, invested in more profitable stock, leaving absentees to keep up an Association in which they had no particular interest. As the generality of those on the ground gave no tangible indications of any particular interest in the movement, it is no matter of surprise that, notwithstanding the zeal of a few disinterested philanthropists on the spot, the institution failed to meet the sanguine expectations of its projectors.

2. The neglect of the intellectual and aesthetic element.—Some residents there, attributed the failure of the Brook Farm Association to an undue predominance of these, and so ran into the opposite error. A well known engraver in Philadelphia wished to reside at the Phalanx and practice his profession; but no; he must work on the farm; if allowed to join, he would not be permitted to follow his attractions. So he did not come.

3. The immediate causes of the dissolution of both Associations, were disastrous fires, and no way attributable to the principles on which they were based, unless that the sovereignty of the individual was not a sufficiently prominent element in the constitution of the North American Phalanx.

4. The formation of Victor Considerant's Colony in Texas, probably hastened the dissolution of the Phalanx, as many of the members preferred establishing themselves in a more genial latitude, to working hard one year or two for nothing, which they must have done, to regain the loss of \$20,000 by fire, to say nothing of the indirect loss occasioned by the want of the buildings.

Thus endeth the North American Phalanx! *Requiescat in pace!* Where is the Phoenix Association that is to arise from its ashes?

P. S. Since the above was written, the domain of the North American Phalanx has been sold.

Our acquaintance, N. C. Meeker, who wrote those enthusiastic letters from the Trumbull Phalanx, is the author of the following picturesque account of the North American, which we will call it

Post Mortem and Requiem, by an old Fourierite.

From the N. Y. Tribune of Nov. 3, 1866.

Once in about every generation, attention is called to our social system. Many evils seem to grow from it. A class of men peculiarly organized, unite to condemn the whole structure. If public affairs are tranquil, they attempt to found a new system. So repeatedly and for so many ages has this been done, that it must be said that the effort arises from an aspiration. The object is not destructive, but beneficent. Twenty-five years ago an attempt was made in most of the Northern States. There are signs that another is about to be made. To those who are interested, a history of life in a Phalanx will be instructive. It is singular that none of the many thousand Fourierites have related their experience (!) Recently I visited the old grounds of the North American Phalanx. Additional information is brought from a similar institution [the Trumbull] in a Western State. Light will be thrown on the problem; it will not solve it.

Four miles from Red Bank, Monmouth Co., New Jersey, six hundred acres of land were selected about twenty years ago, for a Phalanx on the plan of Fourier. The founders lived in New York, Albany, and other places. The location was fortunate, the soil naturally good, the scenery pleasing, and the air healthful. It would have been better to have been near a shipping-port. The road from Red Bank was heavy sand.

First, a large building was erected for families; afterward, at a short distance, a spacious mansion was built, three stories high, with a front of one hundred and fifty feet, and a wing of one hundred and fifty feet. It is still standing, in good repair, and is about to be used for a school. The rooms are of large size and well finished, the main hall spacious, airy, light and elegant. Grape-vines were trained by the side of the building, flowers were cultivated, and the adjoining ground was planted with shade-trees. Two orchards of every variety of choice fruit, one of forty acres, were planted, and small fruits, and all kinds of vegetables were raised on a large scale. The Society were the first to grow okra or gumbo for the New York market, and those still living there continue its cultivation and control supplies. A durable stream ran near by; on its banks were pleasant walks, which are unchanged, shaded by chestnuts and walnuts. On this stream they built a first-class grist-mill; not only did it do good work, but they established the manufacture of hominy and other products which gave them a valued reputation, and the profits of this mill nearly earned their bread.

It was necessary to make the soil highly productive, and many German and other laborers were employed. The number of members was about one

hundred, and visitors were constant. Of all the Associations, this was the best, and on it were fixed the hopes of the reformers. The chief pursuit was agriculture. Education was considered important, and they had good teachers and schools. Many young persons owed to the Phalanx an education which secured them honorable and profitable situations.

The society was select, and it was highly enjoyed. To this day do members, and particularly women, look back to that period as the happiest in their lives. Young people have few proper wishes which were not gratified. They seemed enclosed within walls which beat back the storms of life. They were surrounded by whatever was useful, innocent and beautiful. Neighborhood quarrels were unknown, nor was there trouble among children. There were a few white-eyed women who liked to repeat stories, but they soon sunk to their true value.

After they had lived this life fourteen years,* their mill burned down. Mr. Greeley offered to lend them \$12,000 to rebuild it. They were divided on the subject of location. Some wanted to build at Red Bank, to save hauling. They could not agree. But there was another subject on which they did agree. Some suggested that they had better not build at all! that they had better dissolve. The question was put, and to every one's surprise, decided that they would dissolve. Accordingly the property was sold, and it brought sixty-six cents on a dollar. In a manner, the sale was forced. Previously the stockholders had been receiving yearly dividends, and they lost little.

While the young had been so happy, and while the women, with some exceptions, enjoyed society, with scarcely a cause for disquiet, fathers had been considering the future prospects of those they loved. The pay for their work was out of the profits, and on a joint-stock principle. Work was credited in hours, and on striking a dividend, one hour had produced a certain sum. A foreman, a skinner, had an additional reward. It was five cents a day. One of the chief foremen told me that after working all day with the Germans, and working hard, so that there would be no delay, he had to arrange what each was to do in the morning. Often he would be awakened by falling rain. He would long be sleepless in re-arranging his plans. A skillful teacher got an additional five cents. All this was in accordance with democratic principles. I was told that the average wages did not exceed twenty cents a day. You see capital drew a certain share which labor had to pay. But this was of no consequence, providing the institution was perpetual. There they could live and die. Some, however, ran in debt each year. With large families and small wages, they could not hold their own. These long had been uneasy.

There was a public table where all meals were eaten. At first there was a lack of conveniences, and there was much hard work. Mothers sent their children to school, and became cooks and chamber-maids. The most energetic lady took charge of the washing group. This meant she had to work hardest. Some of the best women, though filled with enthusiasm for the cause, broke down with hard work. Afterward there were proper conveniences, but they did not prevent the purchase of hair-dye. The idea that woman in Association was to be relieved of many cares, was not realized.

On some occasions, perhaps for reasons known at the time, there was a scarcity of victuals. One morning all they had to eat was buckwheat cakes and water. I think they must have had salt. In another Phalanx, one breakfast was mush. Every member felt ashamed.

The combined order had been strongly recommended for its economies. All articles were to be purchased at wholesale; food would be cheaper; and cooking when done for many by a few, would cost little. In practice there were developments not looked for. The men were not at all alike. Some so contrived their work as not to be distant at meal-time. They always heard the first ringing of the bell. In the preparation of food, naturally, there will be small quantities which are choice. In families these are thought much of, and are dealt out by a mother's good hands. They come last. But here, in the New Jerusalem, those who were ready to eat, seized upon such the first thing. If they could get enough of it, they would eat nothing else.

You know that in all kinds of business there must be men to see that nothing is neglected. On a farm teams must be fed and watered, cattle driven up or out, and bars or gates closed. They who did these things were likely to come to their meals late. They were sweaty and dirty, their feet dragged heavy. First they must wash. On sitting down they had to rest a little. Naturally they would look around. At such times one's wife watches him. At a glance she can see a cloud pass across his face. He need not speak to tell her his thoughts. She can read him better than a Bible in large type. In one Phalanx where

*To be exact, this should be eleven years instead of fourteen. The Phalanx commenced operations in Sept., 1849, and the fire occurred in Sept., 1854. The whole duration of the experiment was only a little over twelve years, as the domain was sold, according to Alfred Cridge, in the winter of 1855—6.

*This ordeal by fire seems to have been a test specially ordained for the leading Fourierite Associations, Brook Farm was ruined by a fire in 1846.

I was acquainted, the public table was thrown up in disgust, like a pack of unlucky cards.

But our North Americans were determined. To give to all as good food as the early birds were getting, it was necessary to provide large quantities. When this was done, living became very expensive and the economics of Association disappeared.

They had to take another step. They established an eating-house on what is called the European plan. The plainest and the choicest food was provided. Whatever one might desire he could have. His meal might cost him ten cents or five dollars. When he finished eating he received a counter or ticket, and went to the office and settled. He handed over his ticket, and the amount printed on it was charged to him. For instance, a man has the following family: first, wife, and then George, Emily, Mary, Ralph, and Rosa. They sit at a table by themselves, unless wife is in the kitchen, with a red face, baking buckwheat cakes with all her might. They select their breakfast—a bill of fare is printed every day—and they have ham and eggs, 15 cents; sausage, 10 cents; cakes, 15 cents; fish, 10 cents; and a cup of coffee, and six glasses of water, 5 cents; total, 55 cents, which is charged, and they go about their business. If wife had been to work, she would eat afterward, and though she too would have to pay, she was credited with cake-baking. One should be so charitable as to suppose that she earned enough to pay for the meal that she ate, sitting sideways. To keep these accounts, a book-keeper was required all day. One would think this a curious way, but it was the only one by which they could choke off the birds of prey. One would think, too, that Rosa, Mary & Co., might have helped get breakfast; but the plan was to get rid of drudgery.

Again there was another class. They were sociable and amiable men. Everybody liked to hear them talk, and chiefly they secured admission for these qualities. Unfortunately they did not bring much with them. All through life they had been unlucky. There was what was called the Council of Industry, which discussed and decided all plans and varieties of work. With them originated every new enterprise. If a man wanted an order for goods at a store, they granted or refused it. Some of these amiable men would be elected members; it was easy for them to get office, and they greatly directed in all industrial operations. At the same time those really practical would attempt to counteract these men; but they could not talk well, though they tried hard. I have never seen men desire more to be eloquent than they—their most powerful appeals were when they blushed with silent indignation. But there was one thing they could do well, and that was to grumble while at work. They could make an impression then. Fancy the result.

Lastly. The rooms where families lived adjoined each other, or were divided by long halls. Young men do not always go to bed early. Perhaps they would be out late sparring, and they returned to their rooms before morning. A man was apt to call to mind the words of the country mouse lamenting that he had left his hollow tree. Sometimes one had a few words to say to his wife when he was not in good humor on account of bad digestion. When some one overheard him, they would think of her delicate blooming face, and her ear-rings and finger-rings, and wonder, but keep silent; while others thought that they had a good thing to tell of. But let no one be troubled. These two will cling to each other, and nothing but death can separate them. He will bear these things a long time, winking with both eyes, but at last he thinks that they should have a little more room, and she heartily agrees.

Fourteen years make a long period. At last they learned that it was easy enough to get lazy men, but practical and thorough business men were scarce. Five cents a day extra was not sufficient to secure them. A promising, ambitious young man growing up among them did not see great inducements. He heard of the world; men made money there. His curiosity was great. One can see that the Association was likely to be childless.

Learning these things, which Fourier had not set down, their mill took fire. Still they were out of debt. They were doing well. The soil had been brought to a high state of cultivation. Of the fifteen or twenty Associations through the country, their situation and advantages were decidedly superior. I inquired of the old members remaining on the ground, and who bought the property and are doing well, the reason for their failure. They admit there was no good reason to prevent them going on, except the disposition. But Fourier did not recommend starting with less than 1800. When I asked them what would have been the result if they had had this number, they said they would have broken up in less than two years. Generally men are not prepared. Association is for the future.

I found one still sanguine. He believes there are now men enough afloat, successfully to establish an Association. They should quietly commence in a town. There should be means for doing work cheaply by machinery. A few hands can wash and iron for several hundred in the same manner as it is done in our public institutions. Baking, cooking and sewing

can be done in the same way. There is no disputing the fact that these means did not exist twenty years ago. Gradually family after family could be brought together. In time a whole town would be captured.

The plausible and the easy again arise in this age. Let no one mistake a mirage for a real image. Disaster will attend any general attempt at social reform, if the marriage relation is even suspected to be rendered less happy. The family is a rock against which all objects not only will dash in vain, but they will fall shivered at its base. N. C. M.

The latest visitor to the remains of the North American whose observations have fallen under our notice, is Mr. E. H. Hamilton, a leading member of the O. C. His letter in the CIRCULAR of April 13, 1868, will be a fitting conclusion to this account; as well for the new peep it gives us into the causes of failure, as for its appropriate reflections.

Why the North American Phalanx failed.

New York, March 31, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Business called me a short time ago to visit the domain once occupied by the North American Phalanx. The gentleman whom I wished to see resided in a part of the old mansion, once warm and lively with the daily activities of persons full of bright anticipations of a good time coming of unity and co-operation. The closed windows and silent halls told of failure and disappointment. When individuals, or a Community, push out of the common channel, and with great self-sacrifice seek after a better life, their failure is as disheartening as their success would have been cheering. Why did they fail?

The following story from an old member and eyewitness whom I chanced to meet in the neighboring village, impressed me, and was so suggestive that I entered it in my note-book. After inquiring about the Oneida Community, he told his tale almost word for word, as follows:

C.—My interest in Association turns entirely on its relations to industry. In our attempt, a number of persons came together possessed of small means and limited ideas. After such a company has struggled on a few years as we did, resolutely contending with difficulties, a vista will open; light will break in upon them and they will see a pathway opening. So it was with us. We prospered in finances. Our main business grew better; but the mill with which it was connected grew poorer, till the need of a new building was fairly before us. One of our members offered to advance the money to erect a new mill. A stream was surveyed, a site selected. One of our neighbors whose land we wanted to flow, held off for a bonus. This provoked us and we dropped the project for the time. At this juncture it occurred to some of us to put up a steam-mill at Red Bank. This was the vista that opened to us. Here we would be in water-communication with N. Y. City. Some \$2,000 a year would be saved in teaming. This steam-mill would furnish power for other industries. Our mechanics would follow, and the mansion at Red Bank become the center of the Association, and finally, the center of the town. Our secretary was absent during this discussion. I was fearful he would not approve of the project, and told some of our members so. On his return we laid the plan before him, and he said no. This killed the Phalanx. A number of us were dissatisfied with this decision, and thirty left in a body to start another movement, which broke the back of the Association. The secretary was one of our most enthusiastic members and a man of good judgment; but he let his fears govern him in this matter. I believe he sees his mistake now. The organization lingered along two years, when the old mill took fire and burned down; and it became necessary to close up affairs.

E. H. H.—Would it not have been better if your company of thirty had been patient, and gone on quietly till the others were converted to your views? If truth were on your side, it would in time have prevailed over their objections.

C.—I would not give a cent for a person's conversion. When a truth is submitted to a body of persons, a few only will accept it. The great body cannot, because their minds are unprepared.

E. H. H.—How did your company succeed in their new movement?

C.—We failed because we made a mistake. The great mistake Associationists everywhere made, all through these movements, was to locate in obscure places which were unsuitable for becoming business centers. Fourier's system is based on a township. An Association to be successful must embrace a township.

E. H. H.—Well, suppose you get together a number sufficient to form a township, and become satisfactorily organized, will there not still remain this liability to be broken up by diversity of judgments arising, as in the instance you have just related to me?

C.—No, let the movement be organized aright and it might break up every day and not fail.

Here ended the conversation. His story interested me especially because it taught so clearly that the success of Communism depends upon something else

besides money-making. When Dixon visited this country and inquired about the Oneida Community, Horace Greeley told him he would "find the O. C. a trade success." Well, according to C's story, the North American entered the stage of "trade success," and then failed because it lacked the *faculty of agreement*. It is patent to every person of good sense, that a "house divided against itself can not stand." Divisions in a household, in an army, in a nation, are disastrous, and unless healed, are finally fatal. The great lesson that the O. C. has been learning for itself, and I trust for the world, is that *agreement—unity*—is possible. In cases where diversity of judgment has arisen, we have always—by being patient with each other, waiting, and submitting all minds to the Spirit of Truth—secured unanimity. We have experienced this result over and over again, until it has become a settled conviction all through the Community, that when a project is brought forward for discussion, the best thing will be done, and we shall all be of one mind about it. How many times questions have arisen that would have destroyed us like the North American Phalanx, were it not for this ability to come to an agreement? Prosperity puts this power of harmony to a greater test than adversity. When we built our new house, how many were the different minds about material, location, plan! How were our feelings wrought up! Party-spirit ran high. There was the stone party, the brick party, and the concrete-wall party. Yet by patience, forbearing one with another and submitting one to another, the final result satisfied every one. Unity is the essential thing. Secure that, and financial success and all other good things will follow. E. H. H.

A LONDON LAW-OFFICE.

XI.

MY circumstances in the office no sooner began to assume a satisfactory shape, than troubles beset me at home. The "London season" had just commenced, and invitations began to arrive; but I had learned to look upon dinner parties as inexpedient and balls as absolutely sinful; card playing was out of the question, operas and theatres were devices of the devil, and oratorios were gotten up for the patronage of those professors of religion who had only a name to live, while they were dead. Holding such extreme ideas, and feeling it part of my mission to ventilate them in season and out of season, I found the West End rather a difficult place to live in. My old friends pleaded with me, with an unctious worthy of Chinese missionaries; but I denounced their counsel in the most decided terms, and would none of their worldly amusement.

Just at this critical juncture, a circumstance occurred at the office which brought me more prominently before the establishment and tended greatly to inflate my egotism and self-righteousness. It was always considered somewhat of a treat to a clerk, to be sent away on any special mission; and if a tip became necessary upon business, within the capabilities of an articulated-clerk to transact, such an one would be chosen in preference to any other, partly as a mark of favor, and partly also (for lawyers always have two strings to their bow) because paid-clerks would receive extra wages under such circumstances, while the articulated-clerk cost nothing beyond his expenses; thus, trips to France, Switzerland or Spain, were always premiums set before the eyes of the pupils.

I was sitting at my desk thinking over the subject for my class the following day at the Sunday-school; for it was Saturday afternoon, and I always looked forward with a sense of relief to the end of the week. It brought with it joys that can only be known to the hearts of those who have been subjects of the revival spirit. There was more work to be done than at any other time of the week, but so heartily did we enter into it, that our labor was really a rest to us. Saturday night was our young men's meeting, at which we stirred one another up till we got thoroughly started for the morrow's work. At six o'clock Sunday morning we attended the Sacrament. Schools kept us busy from nine till morning service at the church; school again at two; when they closed, each teacher visited his scholars in their respective homes, and at seven o'clock commenced the ragged schools, which lasted till nine.

Plans for all this work were running through my head when Mr. Brown, the head of the firm, sent up a bundle of papers for me to start off with that night for Edinburgh. A trip to Scotland looked attractive

enough, but I should have to travel Sunday; on a moment's reflection I decided that it was a temptation of the devil and I would not go. Mr. B. had no idea but that I would jump at the chance, and having shown me this favor, the old lawyer was furious at my refusal; he sent back the papers with a peremptory message that I must and should go; to which I replied that it was contrary to my conscience to travel on Sunday, and therefore I would not obey him. He threatened to cancel my articles, but I reminded him that he had no legal control of my time on Sundays. The altercation waxed warm. Was ever such a hubbub over an insignificant article clerk? Every employee in the office took my side of the question, and I had both law and gospel with me too. My old associates stood by me to a man; their remarks were flattering to my pride, and I was prompted more by a combative spirit than by a simple love of the truth. "E. was a good fellow" (with an expletive attached to the expression); "if he was a bigot, he had played as pluckily and lost with as good a grace as any one, and now that he turned round, they believed he would go to the stake if necessary, like a Ridley or a Latimer, rather than retract what he thought to be right; and they respected him for it." Such sentiments expressed in my hearing, together with the unwise commendation of my Christian friends, led me to suppose that I was a martyr and a saint, and tended to make me more fanatical than I was before; and I look back upon this season of uncontrolled religious fervor as something to be repented of along with the other uncontrolled passions of my youth.

It would be difficult for a person unacquainted with London society, to understand the suddenness of the change that passed over my habits of life, or how great a disgrace some people esteem it for one of their friends to turn religious. He should be fashionably religious, i. e., go to church once on Sunday; but the idea of one of their number attending a prayer-meeting or teaching a Sunday-school, was simply unendurable. I was therefore not an altogether unsuccessful candidate for persecution; and I use the term "candidate" advisedly, for I supposed that when fanaticism drew upon me the contempt and ridicule of my friends, I suffered a kind of martyrdom for the cause of Christ. Then, if at any time, I was in need of good advice and sober counsel; but there, the present church systems fail; they can provide no means of direction or restraint for their new converts,—they see them only in the garb which they may put on with their Sunday clothes; or having perhaps stirred up their hearts and minds to a fever heat, leave them to consider their salvation complete when they have only arrived at a stage where "criticism" should begin. The more I reflect upon my early religious experience, the more fully I am convinced of the truth of a theory advocated by Mr. Noyes, that every church should be a Community, as the only safe means for protecting its young converts and building them up in a living faith. It seems unreasonable to suppose that the responsibility of the minister should end with stirring people up to the highest pitch of religious excitement, without either controlling it or imparting the power to do so. That man would be considered a bad general who inspired his troops with an enthusiasm he was powerless to control; yet such was the state of affairs in the revival in which I then figured, and the whole transaction as far as I can perceive, ended in total failure; yet not altogether a failure, for the seed then sowed in my heart, ultimately led me through much bitter experience into Bible Communism, the crowning success of my life, and the high school of that most rare class of education which teaches a man to know himself.

In my extreme views I thought that the "West End" was the sink of iniquity, and embraced the first opportunity of burying myself in the city, out of sight of the fashionable world. I commenced "chamber life" in a small square on Holborn Hill, called Barnard's Inn. A strangelooking old place was Barnard's Inn, but very quiet; a small archway led from the street into a square, and a watchman was kept there to prevent stragglers from entering; several houses were in the square, each having

four suites of rooms on every floor; a number of ancient trees seemed as if doing their best to ornament the dingy old quadrangle, and they might have succeeded but for the inevitable London smoke which blackened and begrimed every thing that the eye fell on. Even the sparrows were not exempt, their dirty plumage conveying the impression that they had washed and cleaned themselves until they were sick and tired of washing and cleaning, and had long since given it up in despair. A hall and library also graced this peculiar institution; a pretty little quaint old hall it was, with high, elegantly carved oak paneling, a handsome carved oak roof, and a floor of polished oak. Some very old paintings ornamented the walls, while a fire on the hearth in the oldest style, made the ancient structure to glow with a cheerful welcome. Dinners were eaten here the same as at the other Inns, and on such occasions unique services of plate, together with port wine, the oldest and the best from the well-stocked cellar, lent valuable aid and good cheer to the feast. Who eats the dinners and who receives the rents of this property? was one of the first questions that puzzled the mind of a young lawyer; and I found a new kind of tenure that interested me and prompted to further inquiries. I found some difficulty in tracing the history of this queer institution, but was led to the conclusion that it was founded in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and like the numerous other Inns of law was established under the auspices of the church for the benefit of law students; but the original intent has become perverted through the dishonesty of parties who at some time were in charge of it, and the proceeds and title of the property became diverted from its proper channel, but where such diversion took place I found it impossible to discover. Many such colleges of law seem to have clustered round the palace of the Bishop of Ely, the site of which is now occupied by Ely Place, and whose fine grounds gave the name to that now thickly populated neighborhood known as Hatton Garden.

The proprietors of my new quarters called themselves "The Honorable Society and Ancients of Barnard's Inn." They could, with more propriety, call themselves "The Dishonorable Society and Ancients," for that they are appropriating property that has some time or other been stolen by their predecessors, is beyond the possibility of a doubt, and their present title is only one of usage. The annual rent of the property amounts to several thousand pounds, and what remains unexpended of the income after defraying the expenses of eating, drinking, &c., is divided between the members of the Society, of whom there are twelve, any vacancy caused by death or otherwise, being filled by one of the Ancients, of whom there are about an equal number; and their ranks are filled up by an appointment made by the Society, who are not necessarily lawyers, but mostly merchants, and who fill up their ranks, not from inhabitants of the place, or students, but from their circle of friends. Barnard's Inn is not the only property of this kind; several of the old Inns have shared the same fate, and many attempts have been made to break up such palpable frauds; but so far, the titles of long usage have proved too strong for assault.

One of the curious characters connected with the place was the Secretary of the Society; he was an old lawyer; tall, thin, and threadbare, but had never been known to practice, other than in the capacity in which he is here introduced. He was an exceedingly nervous man and always seemed to be afraid of being spoken to, but happening one day in his office on business, I took occasion to ask him how he employed his time on Sundays. I supposed of course that he was a religious man, for he always wore a clerical looking white cravat, and the thought struck me that I might find a pleasant companion. Imagine my disgust when with a sparkling eye and a convulsive twitching of his fingers he exclaimed with unusual animation, "Oh sir! Sunday is a glorious day;" and adding in an undertone, "I have a stool and a piece of leather and some whiting, and I sit and polish up my sovereigns and silver coins, and then I look at them this way and that way," holding up his

finger and thumb to his face with an imaginary sovereign between them, "and they glisten and sparkle and look so pretty, oh you can't think how pretty they are;" and here he rubbed his hands and chuckled with a chuckle that seemed to convulse his very soul. I had struck upon a veritable miser; and upon further inquiry, found that he was very wealthy but barely allowed himself the common necessities of life; every piece of money that came into his possession he carefully polished before placing it in the bank, and always kept a considerable stock of coins on hand for the amusement of admiring them. Another curiosity connected with the Inn, was the Porter. He had charge of the property, and also filled the post of butler in looking after the large stock of choice wines; he was almost as miserly as the Secretary, and made a great deal of money by loaning small sums to the inmates of the place, at short periods and large interests, so that he was enabled at length, to speculate in railroad stocks and make money at it. This man pretended to be quite a religious character and attended regularly on the preaching of Dr. Cummings, although it was commonly reported that mammon proved stronger than the Dr.'s sermons. I was amused with his own account of his conversion. "I did read in the Bible you know, how that we must n't put new wine into old bottles: well! I did know that old bottles was the best, and I allers thought they did n't know nothing about it, but one day I went to hear the Dr. preach and he explained it all so easy like, how that though in them days they did have leather bottles that did get so rotten that the new wine would ferment and bust em; well, I know'd he must be a good man else '—and I know'd all that, you see sir; so I wa

26, 1869.
or communication that connection with the horticultural. arising for a small lot of ground. Perhaps you will be interested to know what I am doing on it. Well, the fact is, that nearly all my life-time I have been an observer of plants, particularly of wild ones, and I have a long-cherished desire to try the effect of careful cultivation on some of them. This desire has been stimulated by an article that I read in the *Horticulturist*, written by Mr. Beaton, a celebrated plant-grower of England. He puts forward the proposition, in somewhat the same way that Darwin does, that all plants growing wild, are living in a continual struggle for existence, and are obliged to maintain themselves against ten thousand of their neighbors which tend in a greater or less degree to crowd them out. He says that in this struggle many of them are driven out of the warm, moist and rich places they would naturally choose, and are perhaps compelled to "flee to the mountains" or some other unpropitious place, merely from lack of standing-room. He holds that in this way they are often pinched and starved into a condition far from the luxuriant health and beauty they are capable of displaying. It follows then, if we wish to bring out their latent capacities, we must not try to "imitate nature" by providing the same conditions as those in which we find them; but we must rather furnish new conditions by freeing them from the competition of other plants, and giving them the best possible soil and climate. It is in this way that many wild plants have been wonderfully improved and have been led to sport and produce new varieties. It is only by this process that our cultivated plants can be sustained and made useful to man. If left to the tender mercies of the competitive system in what is called the natural state, they would soon disappear from the face of the earth, or at least from the climates in which they now grow.

By way of acting on this theory, I thought I would collect a miscellaneous lot of wild plants, in a piece of our fine moulding-sand soil, manured with the best of compost, and relieving them from the necessity of fighting their neighbors, see what they would do under their new circumstances. I shall take no

pains to give them conditions similar to those in which I found them; for it may be that even those plants that we find only in the woods and swamps, are there only because they are driven there, and would do a great deal better in the open land, were it not for the competition of stronger neighbors, for the possession of the soil. I am somewhat encouraged in this undertaking by observing some common Hepaticas which I—transplanted from the woods into the garden. Their blossoms this spring, had certainly a deeper color, as well as more of a pleasant smell than the wild ones.

A feature common to many plants which I have particularly observed while engaged at plant gathering, is, that many varieties seem in a great measure to have lost the habit of propagating by seed. In cases where I have observed closely, this occurs only in instances where the habit of root-propagation is highly developed. Take for instance the plant called Dutchman's breeches, so common in the woods. Not one plant in a hundred produces flower and seed. But examine the root at this time of the year, and the main bulb from which the stalk grows will be found completely surrounded by a multitude of little offshoot bulbs that have the appearance of corn. I presume it is what is sometimes called squirrels' corn. In taking up a specimen plant of the mandrake that grows in such compact little communities in our rich new pastures, I observed that they were all connected under ground, like quack-grass. You know how shy most potatoes are about bearing flowers and seed. The same is true of the sweet potato and horse-radish. Whoever saw horse-radish or sweet potato seed?

It is my impression that these and other plants lost their capacity for blossoming and seed propagation, by long continued disuse and propagation by the root. Perhaps by cutting short this process of root extension I can make the mandrake, generally so barren, fruitful again. Mr. Thacker finds that to make his Clarke raspberries and Kittatiny blackberries fruitful, he must cut down the suckers and have but few canes.

Yours truly,

H. J. S.

"TU WEET, TU WEE!"

A little bird sat on the fence;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
"I'll take my dinner at your expense,"
Said the little bird to me.

He cocked his head on the hither side;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
And opened both eyes very wide,
That he might better see.

He spied a crumb on the window-sill;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
He picked it up in his little bill,
But he kept one eye on me.

He made his feast on the little crumb;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
He wiped his bill, and flew off home,
But never said "Thanks!" to me.

—Our Young Folks.

ITEMS.

THE College *Courant* reports that Yale College has received a bequest of \$50,000.

THE emigration from Liverpool to the United States is unusually large, amounting during the past week, to 8,000.

THE Great Eastern has sailed with the French Atlantic Cable to connect Brest with Cape May.

THE Atlantic Cable tariff has been gradually reduced from £20 to £3 for ten words. The daily income has meanwhile increased from £505 to £652.

JUNE 18th.—Hon. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, died suddenly, of apoplexy, this morning at his residence in West 9th street, New York.

SPAIN has celebrated with pomp and ceremony her new Constitution, and Marshal Serrano is elected Regent. This will probably satisfy the great majority of his countrymen.

LABORERS in the public shops at Washington, have decided to abandon persecution of their fellow-laborers, so that colored people can now work for the Government without molestation.

AT the starch mills in Hebron, Washington county, they are paying ten cents a bushel for potatoes, and don't want them even at that price, as they have at least 7,000 bushels on hand now. They are making about half a ton of starch per day.

THE National Peace Jubilee is pronounced a success. The *New York World* thus describes the opening piece, "God is a Castle and Defence:" "The organ sounds the key-note; there is a movement of the human sea; the conductor extends his baton—they have risen in a curiously ponderous manner. He is standing on his toes; his baton sweeps the circle of singers and performers. And now rises such a volume of sound as never before greeted human ears. It has a mystic puissance that cannot be analyzed. Its extended source destroys the sense of locality. It fills the air with its new vibrations, that bring to us a novel emotion of universality. It mounts with a grandeur that gives us a new sensation. There are no favored registers heard, no individual voices; everything personal, trivial, local, is drowned out in the majestic flow of this grand chorus. Having felt the first effects of the combination, having remarked that they have touched the auditory with the new potency—as the ear becomes accustomed to the surging and swelling of the tide, we become, too, calm enough to perceive that it is not the bulk of the sound that is effective; indeed, a very general disappointment was felt that the united forces produced no louder music. People had expected a concussion of the air; they were surprised that the building did not tremble and that the music could not be heard four or five squares off. They found that in the ratio of size there was new smoothness, a new solemnity; instead of being volcanic, it was aerial."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. G., New York.—Your's with specimens of "Ramie" or Java nettle is received. You ask concerning its value, compared with silk and other fibers. It seems to be a very nice fiber, and may sometime, if cheaply produced, supersede the use of flax; but we think no such fiber can rival silk, for the following reasons. Silk is wound from the cocoons in a continuous fiber, which only needs spinning, doubling, and twisting, to form the thread. Like a wire rope, the constituent strands have a continuous strength in themselves, which is applied to the utmost advantage in the twisted combination. Cotton, flax, ramie, and many new fibers, are not continuous. Many of them are as strong as a silk-fiber of the same size; but they are in short pieces, and must be subjected to the processes of picking and carding (which still further shorten the pieces) and spinning, before a continuous thread is formed; the strength of which depends almost entirely upon the binding of the fibers upon each other in the twist. When this twisted thread parts, the fibers themselves do not all break, but slip by each other at the moment the strain becomes sufficient to overcome their mutual friction in the twisted state. When well-made silk thread parts, there is no slipping; all the constituent fibers break at the same time. Waste silk, which has become tangled so that it cannot be wound continuously, is used for making thread, by picking and carding, much like cotton or flax, this thread is but little stronger, nor does it possess much greater luster than first-class flax. Inventors and discoverers should turn their attention to cheapness of production, in all fiber which requires picking and carding. The attempt to rival the strength of silk, will fail until nature's store-house yields some other continuous fiber than that wound from the cocoons of worms. The vegetable kingdom does not seem, from the conditions of its growth, to be capable of producing a continuous fiber of indefinite length.

W. F., N. Y.—You will find in the papers we send you, all the information about existing Communities of which we are in possession.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 225 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **COMPLEX MARRIAGE**, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works); also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, *cart de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or *Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse*. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per doz.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 p volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75.

The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR and orders for our publications.